

The Newport Mercury

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO., 182 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-eighth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto, weekly of fifty-six columns, filled with interesting, readable, and reliable news, and is a valuable addition to the library of every citizen.

School Board.

The regular monthly meeting of the School Board was held Monday evening, Mr. W. P. Clarke being the only absentee. The report of Superintendent Baker showed the enrollment of pupils for the past month to have been: In the Rogers High School 237 pupils, 132 girls and 105 boys; in the Townsend Industrial School, from all grades, 678 pupils, 314 girls and 364 boys; in all the schools the statistics are as follows: Total enrollment, 2,600; average belonging, 2,458; average attending, 2,318; Percentage of attendance, 94.8.

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Flag-Raising and Parade

The Republican City Committee proposed to raise five flags next Monday evening, October 19, one for each ward in the city, bearing the names of McKinley and Hobart, and the committee invite all citizens who are interested in the success of the National and Congressional ticket regardless of previous political affiliations, to unite with them in making this a grand demonstration. The committee suggest that all citizens who desire to participate in the parade meet in their respective ward rooms at 7 o'clock.

The Artillery's Bicycleists.

The Newport Artillery Company's bicycle club attended the Suburban Day's celebration in New Bedford this week and although the rain interfered considerably with the programme arranged, the bicycleists acquitted themselves creditably and what exhibitions they were able to give, were as usual with that Company's exploits, first class in every particular. The New Bedford papers have given them flattering notices and the citizens of the Whaling City endeavored to show their appreciation by extending to the "boys" every courtesy and showing them every kindness at their command. The rain Tuesday morning convinced the squad that they could never reach New Bedford on wheels with the roads in the condition they then were, so they went by the 7 o'clock train to Fall River and thence by electric to their destination. Arrived there, camping, of course, was out of the question and quarters were taken at Odd Fellows Hall. In the evening an exhibition drill was given in the Adelphi rink, before a large audience. In speaking of this performance the New Bedford Standard says:

"The men were put through similar maneuvers to those practiced on the open field and they were executed admirably. Mounted on their wheels, the bright vermillion finish, with their uniforms and helmets, they looked like a body of cavalry. The orders were given with promptness and exactness which seems impossible when mounted on such an unsteady thing as a bicycle. An exhibition of pitching the tests was given and the whole procedure was neatly done."

On Wednesday an exhibition street and riot drill was given in front of the City Hall, which was very interesting and heartily applauded by the large crowd of spectators. Wednesday night the squad took part in the parade and in the afternoon started for home. Wheeling to Fall River, they found the roads in such a condition that it was deemed best to finish the trip by some other means of transportation, so boarding the New York boat, they arrived home in the evening, tired and with traces of mud still visible on their wheels and equipment, but nevertheless happy in having enjoyed "one of the best times we ever had," as one of the members said, and he probably expressed the sentiments of the entire party.

THE CORNER-STONE LAID.

The New Providence State House. The work of laying the corner stone of the new State House in Providence was successfully performed on Thursday. The ceremonies were imposing and witnessed by a large gathering of people from all parts of the state. The only drawback was the weather which was cold and damp.

The exercises at the site of the new building were preceded by a grand parade. The line was headed by the Providence Light Infantry and included St. John's and Calvary Commands, the Grand Lodge of Masons, members of the General Assembly, state and town officers, and invited guests, with five bands of music. The streets through which the procession passed were thronged with people with all of whom, apparently, the site of the new State House was the objective point. The corner stone was laid with the usual Masonic ceremonies. The exercises opened with a prayer by Bishop Clark. Addresses by ex-Gov. Ladd, chairman of the State House commission, and Gov. Lippitt, preceded the Masonic services, and Hon. Rowland Hazard delivered the oration, after which an eulogy on Masonry, by Rev. W. C. Selleck, was listened to.

INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACES.

At a result of the severe criticisms and harsh words which followed the two last international yacht races the New York Yacht Club has had a new course laid out which is expected to be free from the objections raised by the challenging parties heretofore. The work of laying out the new course, was performed by Lieutenant Bull, U. S. N., and his report is now in the hands of the New York Club, although not yet adopted.

The new course is pronounced an ideal one by American yachtsmen and will undoubtedly be approved by their English cousins. It certainly has plenty of open deep water, with no sheltering land to cut queer capers with the breezes, and would seem to be suitably removed from any large city to insure the desired relief from the hundreds of large excursion steamers which caused the principal objections to the old course.

The start in new course is from Brenton's Reef Lightship as in the Goolet cup races, but for other than the first leg it is quite different from either of the two courses so long used. In the first place it is in the form of an equilateral triangle with 10-mile sides making a course of 30 miles. The technical description of the course is from Brenton's Reef Lightship 10 miles to the southwest to and around stake-boat, thence 10 miles east-southeast, thence fourths east, thence after turning stakeboat north by west 10 miles to finish at an imaginary line from lightship to flagship.

Wherein this new course resembles course No. 4, commonly known as the Block Island course, is that the first legs are quite similar, the old being 18 miles southwest, one-eighth west, and the new being 10 miles southwest. After leaving the start the nearest land made on the new course is Point Judith, though it is not approached quite so near as by the old course. For the first turn it will demand good clear weather to observe it from any land, since it is about midway between Point Judith and Block Island, while the turn of the old was well over to the side in the sea.

Co-operative Association.

The board of management of the Newport Co-operative Association for Saving and Building held a meeting Monday evening, and declared a dividend at the rate of six and one-half per cent. The semi-annual account of the secretary for the term ending September 19 was received and approved. It showed the following statement of accounts:

ASSETS.	
On Real Estate.....	\$125,625
On Shares.....	12,991
Total.....	\$138,616
LIABILITIES.	
Stock Account.....	\$138,616
Forfeited Share Account.....	44
Guarantee Fund.....	25
Undivided Profits.....	5,600
Total.....	\$138,735

During the past year the loans on real estate have increased from \$102,410 to \$129,625, and the loans on shares from \$19,190 to \$12,991, a total increase of \$28,996. The stock account has increased from \$118,150.49 to \$135,979.63, or \$22,829.14.

The total numbers of shares held in the association, by 491 members, is 3,041, a gain of 40 members and 415 shares. The shares are distributed through seventeen series as follows: First, 254; second, 55; third, 30; fourth, 31; fifth, 38; sixth, 43; seventh, 143; eighth, 141; ninth, 113; tenth, 83; eleventh, 200; twelfth, 105; thirteenth, 288; fourteenth, 234; fifteenth, 341; sixteenth, 358; seventeenth, 472.

A Big Catch.

"Tautoging" is a great sport for Newporters at this season and the rivalry between our amateur fishermen during the past month has created the usual large stock of almost impossible yarns. One of these was told us the other day, but it differed very materially from the general run of fish stories in that it was backed by what appears indisputable proof, and we therefore feel justified in giving it to our readers as a fact.

A party of four—Col. Thos. S. Nason and his son John P., with his brother-in-law, Mr. T. H. Ellis, of Boston, and Mr. Hugh N. Clifford of this city—visited Heaver Tail recently and from the rocks there caught ninety-three as handsome tautog as was ever seen in one lot. There were not more than a half dozen that weighed less than two pounds and one tipped the scales, when taken from the water, at fifteen pounds, while the remaining eighty odd ranged from two to eight pounds in weight each. It was certainly a big catch and furnished a day's excellent sport for the four gentlemen named.

Wedding Bells.

Never was All Saints Memorial Chapel the scene of a prettier wedding than at high noon last Monday when Miss Sybil Katharine, daughter of Mr. W. W. Sherman became the bride of Mr. John Ellis Hoffman. The chancel was handsomely decorated with palms and cut flowers and the bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in a handsome gown of white velvet with tulle veil caught with diamonds and carried Bride maids. Mr. Redmond Stephens of Boston was the best man, and the ushers were Messrs. H. R. Taylor, Reginald Brooks, W. S. K. Wetmore, Archibald G. Thacher and L. Townsend Burden, Jr. There were no bridesmaids. Rev. G. J. Magill officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman left on the 1 o'clock train for a wedding trip, at the conclusion of which they will reside in New York.

The directors of the Young Men's Christian Association will give a banquet in Mascoe Hall next Tuesday evening to the business men of Newport. Mr. R. M. Armstrong, state secretary of the associations of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, will be present, and Mayor Frederick Fosdick of Fitchburg and Mr. O. H. Durrell of Cambridge will be the speakers of the evening, when the opportunities, obligations and necessities of the Young Men's Christian Association in this city will be presented.

"If only the men, women and children of his district in whose behalf Congressman Melville Bull has exerted himself in Washington were to vote for him in November, he would receive a flattering large vote. But there are others who appreciate his record in large and small particulars and his majority will be the biggest ever recorded a Rhode Island congressional candidate."—Prov. News.

In Providence, Tuesday, a young man named Daniel Geary was sentenced to 15 months in State Prison for theft of a bicycle. According to the evidence given at the trial, Geary hired the wheel on Aug. 25, rode it to Newport, where after a few days spent in Brown, he sold it to D. J. Morgan for \$20.

Miss Nancy Almy, a daughter of the late Benjamin Almy, died in Smith Mills, Saturday, at the age of 91 years. She was a native of Portsmouth, N. H., but had resided for a number of years in New Bedford. She had been invalid for some time.

Great Sachem Clifford J. Deane and the Great Chiefs of the Great Council of Rhode Island, Improved Order of Red Men, will make their annual visitation to Weneat Shashitt Tribe No. 6 of this city on January 18 and to Minneola Council on March 23, 1897.

A council of Congregational churches has been called to be held in the United Congregational Church of this city, next Thursday to act upon the resignation of Rev. R. W. Wallace as pastor of the church.

Mr. Henry W. Thurston, of Melrose, Mass., formerly of this city, was married at Melrose Highlands Wednesday evening to Miss Lizzie S. Orne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Orne of that place.

Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Sypher, 2d, have returned from their wedding trip, and a guests of Col. and Mrs. Landers for a few days, when they will go to their new home in New York for the winter.

Mr. Thomas B. Congdon, teller of the Aquidneck National Bank, is enjoying his annual vacation.

Miss Jeannette Swazy has been visiting friends in Brockton this week.

Hon. James C. Knibb of Providence has been in town this week.

The Narragansett Baptist Association.

The Narragansett Baptist Association held its thirty-seventh annual session at the Central Baptist Church in this city this week. Owing to the death of the Moderator, Dr. George B. Peck of Providence, was elected to fill the vacancy. Rev. J. S. Russell of Hope valley presided over the annual session Wednesday morning. In the afternoon there was an address by Mrs. McWhinnie on "The Women's Home Missionary Society," the reading of letters, the report of the relief fund, the miscellaneous business, and an address on "Chapel Car Work," by Mrs. E. D. Wheeler.

Wednesday evening's session opened at 7:30 o'clock with a praise service led by the former choir of the church and followed at 8 o'clock by a sermon by Dr. George O. Lorimer, of Tremont Temple, Boston, on "The Recovery of Revelation."

On Thursday morning a prayer and praise meeting and business session were held. "The Work of Our Denominational Societies," was discussed by Rev. Frank T. Hazenwood of Boston, State Missionary Rev. E. M. Wilson and remarks were made by Rev. J. B. Marsh, state collector, Rev. T. S. Snow of Wakefield, Rev. Dr. Thomas A. Barnes of North Kingstown, Rev. Albert Greene and Rev. J. S. Russell.

In the afternoon a meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society was held and an address made by Mrs. Sanford of Boston. Reports of committees were received and a vote of thanks given to the choir and members of the Central Baptist church. The convention closed Thursday evening with a praise service and sermon by Dr. A. O. Dixon of Brooklyn, on "The Possibilities of Youth."

A Literary Evening.

Tuesday evening the Epworth League of the First M. E. Church held its first literary evening and, notwithstanding the disagreeable weather conditions, there was a good attendance and a very pleasant evening was spent. Two papers were presented, one by Miss Blanche Peckham on "The Bicycle," and one by Mr. B. F. Thurston on "Oliver Wendell Holmes." Miss Mary E. Popley favored the audience with a delightful piano solo and Miss Sadie M. Bailey sang in her usual charming manner. These meetings are to be held monthly and it is the purpose of the League that each one shall be as pleasant and profitable as was that of Tuesday evening.

Grand Master A. J. Cushing, accompanied by Deputy Grand Master Martin, Grand Representative Farham, Grand Secretary Maseley, Grand Marshal Lansing and Grand Conductor A. B. Sayer of this city, made their official visit to Execlator Lodge, No. 43, I. O. O. F., of this city Tuesday evening. After the inspection of the work of the lodge there was a social season, during which addresses were made by the visiting officials, and the mandolin and guitar club gave several musical numbers, interspersed with selections on the phonograph, and a collation was served.

In the appellate division of the supreme court in Providence, Wednesday, a receipt was handed down in the case of Walter Cornell vs. the Tiverton and Little Compton Mutual Fire Insurance Company, entering judgment for the defendant, for costs. The company refused to pay a loss on Cornell's property, and the court sustained the company's action.

Rev. H. N. Jeter and his talented family have arranged a delightful musical programme for the concert which they propose to give at the Shiloh Baptist church on Tuesday evening, October 27. The Providence Bulletin and Journal and the Pawtucket Times speak very flatteringly of them in those concerts which they gave in those cities.

The Newport Base Ball Association held a meeting Thursday evening and after assessing the members to obtain funds to supply the deficit of the past season, all bills were ordered paid and the effects of the Association were sold to Mr. Joseph Haire for \$1 and other considerations.

The first musical of the season by the pupils of Mrs. T. M. Freeborne was held at that lady's residence on Lincoln street Monday evening. The programme included musical comedies, selections by Mrs. Freeborne, Miss Florence Allen, Miss Clara Freeborne and Miss Laura Tilley.

The Naval Reserves are working hard to make their fair next month a success and there is no doubt that the energetic committee of ladies and gentlemen in charge will push matters to a successful ending.

Mr. E. Y. Mason will give an organ recital at the Baptist Temple, Fall River, this afternoon. He will be assisted by Miss Cora Gosling and Mr. Henry H. Smith of this city.

Mr. Page, Congressman Bull's private secretary at Washington, is in town for a few days.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

Presented by JAMES C. SWAY. The General Assembly met at Newport Oct. 30th, 1678. "T. A. Island of Conanicut was incorporated a township by the name of Jamestown. A tax of 300 pounds was assessed on all the townships of the Colony which was apportioned as follows: "Newport 120 pounds; Providence, 10 pounds; Portsmouth, 65 pounds; Warwick 8 pounds; Westerly 2 pounds; New Shoreham 20 pounds; Kingston 10 pounds; East Greenwich 2 pounds; Jamestown 20 pounds; after which Kingston was excused for one half of its tax."

"By the above apportionment, we are enabled, in some degree to judge of the effect of the Indian war upon the respective towns, and we were not a little surprised to find the town of Westerly taxed only two pounds. This circumstance induces us to believe that the damage done to Westerly by the Indian war, was much more considerable than we before apprehended. "Voted, That whereas our late Honored Governor, William Coddington, Esq., is deceased, This Assembly do hereby proceed to the election of another in his room or stead. "Major John Cranston is chosen Governor and engaged in open court. "The first Assistant, Mr. James Barker, was appointed Deputy Governor in room of John Cranston, who had been raised from Deputy Governor, to Governor; and the vacancy in the house filled.

Biography of Gov. William Coddington. "He came from Lincolnshire in England, and embarked for America with Gov. Hutchinson in 1633, having been appointed in England, the year before, as one of the assistants of the Massachusetts colony. In 1631 he returned to England in the ship Lyon and brought his residence in Boston, he was one of the first merchants there, and built the first brick house in the town. He became dissatisfied with the English government in 1635, and in 1638 associated himself with seven other persons who purchased Rhode Island from the natives. Mr. Coddington came to Aquidneck (now Rhode Island) to look for a place of settlement about the time of the Pequot war, which shows an intention of planting a new colony some time before the plan was seriously undertaken. He with seven others, his associates, incorporated themselves on the 1st day of March, 1637-8, and elected their chief magistrate or judge. He purchased the island in his own name as agent for the company, the deed of which is dated 24th of March 1637-8. The actual settlement took place early in May, and the first public meeting was held May 13, 1638, at Portsmouth. He held the chief magistracy of the island until it was incorporated with Providence and Warwick in 1647. He removed from Portsmouth, with eight others of the proprietors, in 1639, and settled the town of Narragansett, and was the first man engaged in commerce in that town. In 1651 he was appointed by the supreme authority in England, a Governor of the Islands in Narragansett Bay, which again separated the Island of Rhode Island from the towns on the main land for about three years. After he had retired from public life for some time, but in the spring of the colony, 1678, he was elected Governor of the colony, and was in that place to the time of his death, which took place Nov. 1st, 1678. His estate must have been considerable, for in addition to his large landed property in this country, he had also a plantation in Barbadoes. He was a man of learning, and contributed more than perhaps any other, to establishing the colony of Rhode Island, and laying the foundation of civil and religious liberty in America."

He was buried in the Coddington burying ground, Fawcett street. The General Assembly met at Newport May 6, 1670.

"John Cranston was elected Governor, Walter Clarke deputy. It was convened again by the Governors warrants on the 9th day of July following. The agents that had been sent to England having returned with the King's full authority to continue the Rhode Island jurisdiction over the Narragansett country."

"Voted, that a letter from Mr. Robert Mason to this colony be opened. "Voted, that in answer to his Majesty's letter, that a committee be appointed to draw up their replies; first in way of answer, humble returns of thanks; and secondly, to his Majesty for his grace and favor to us; second, that a true account may be rendered his Majesty, concerning the late war with the Indians, and what else they may see good, and make return to this Assembly for their approbation. The persons appointed are, Thomas Ward, Capt. Arthur Fenner, Capt. John Albion, Capt. Samuel Gorton, Mr. John Joseph, Mr. John Williams, and Capt. John Fossand; and also that they draw up answers to Sir Robert Southwell, Mr. William Braitwaite and Robert Mason."

"Voted, that a prohibition be drawn up and sent forth from this Assembly unto the towns of Westerly and Kingston, to prohibit all persons belonging to Connecticut, or inhabiting in Kings-gannett or Narragansett country, or any province, from any jurisdiction or authority in the King's province, or from any authority from any other colony; and to require all persons therein inhabiting to yield and give obedience to his Majesty's authority in this colony."

"The Assembly sitting at Newport July 9th, 1679, having received further countenances and authority from the King to govern the Narragansett country; they authorized the Governor and council to appoint Mr. Richard Smith of Kingston, and bring him to trial, for an offence against the colony; inasmuch he had petitioned the Lords of the privy council in England, against the jurisdiction of Rhode Island over the King's province; and as the Assembly averred, that he had misrepresented the colony before the authority in England."

"The Assembly met on the 10th of March 1680, when they adjourned to the next meeting to attend the funeral of Governor Cranston who was to be buried on that day."

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THE SIN OF HAGAR

By HELEN MATHERS,
Author of "Cherry Ripe," "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "My Lady Green Sleeves," "The Lovely Malincolt," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Nannie had sped over the wet grass more than half dressed, a loose white wrapper covering all deficiencies, the moans of her bright hair loose, and adding to her air of disorder as she ran straight up to Hagar's room.

That young woman was up and dressed, though she had spent the whole night in walking up and down, a prey to the most furious emotions, as she had seen more or less since the night when she had almost, not quite, brought Will Casillis to her feet.

Nannie went up to her like an obedient child to its nurse, and as she kissed her, feeling Hagar's light breath on her face and forehead, Nannie's face changed, and she glanced down at her wrapper in astonishment.

"What an earth made me come out like this?" she said. "But you called me." She looked puzzled. "Do you want me?"

"We were to have a picnic today," said Hagar, "but now your husband is back, perhaps it will not take place."

Nannie colored. She could not even hear Will's name with indifference, and the jealousy that had miraculously left her during the past two days for Hagar was suddenly reawakened in her breast.

She nodded coldly and went away, but half way down the staircase Josephine ran after her, saying that Lady Lirriper wished to speak to her, and in no very good humor Nannie obeyed the behest.

The circumstance must be extraordinary that made the old lady see any one so tame, warlike and the rest of it, but for once Lady Lirriper was oblivious of self, and her face was terrible to the girl who came slowly toward her.

"What is to be the end of all this?" inquired her aunt in accents of the deepest concern.

"All what?" said Nannie, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

"Child, have you forgotten what happened last night?"

"I dined here and went to sleep after dinner, and it's very funny, but I never woke up when Will carried me home."

"Oh, very funny," said Lady Lirriper severely. "Very disgraceful, I should say. You were tipsy last night, Nannie, not with what you drank at my table, but actually before you came. And you not yet 18!"

Nannie had sprung to her feet, trembling in every limb.

"How dare you say such a thing to me?" she cried passionately. "Oh, if Will were here, you would not!"

"Will knows it," said Lirriper curtly. "If he had been aware of your unbecoming tendency, he would never have married you. No man in his senses would."

And she related some hard, cruel facts of family history before which the poor girl winced and covered away.

"You are quite wrong," she said. "I drank nothing before coming to dinner and forget what I had then." She put her hand confusedly to her head. "But it could not have been much. It never is. I do not like wine, but drink a little to please Will."

"He won't press any on you again," said Lady Lirriper significantly. "For all our sakes, child, pull up while there is time and never touch drink again."

But Nannie, in a great flame of wrath and shame, had escaped at breakfast speed down the stairs and was out of earshot.

She ran full tilt into Trelawny, who, after two days' absence, had come over, as he often did, to breakfast, and now looked at her dismayed, for he had hoped that, left entirely to themselves, the young people would come to a better understanding by now.

"What is the matter?" he said and drew her into the morning room and shut the door. He scarcely knew her face for Nannie's.

"They say," she said in a strained whisper, her heated eyes fixed on his, "that I was tipsy last night; that it is in the blood; that I shall die a disgraced, outcast woman in the end!"

"If it were true a hundred times over, I would stick to you through thick and thin," cried Blake Trelawny passionately. "But, my poor little girl, it's impossible. Tell me all about it."

"I can't remember," said Nannie, looking bewildered. "The last two days, while Will was away, I have spent almost entirely with Hagar. We talked about you," she added as one thinking aloud.

"The devil you did!" exclaimed Blake suddenly and violently, then turned to pace the room with nervous steps, racking his brains as to how all this was to be traced to Hagar, for Hagar it undoubtedly was.

"How can Will ever love me again?" cried Nannie piteously. "He can only have disgust for me—disgust and shame." She covered her face with her hands and wept aloud.

"Oh, it is not I! Not Nannie!" she said as the door closed and she found herself alone, but almost at the same moment Will came in at the open window, and taking her in his arms soothed her like a child, while like a child she clung to him, her fears gone.

Trelawny found Hagar in the drawing room, and walking straight up to her gripped her wrist with no gentle hand.

"You devil!" he said. "What do you mean? What are you up to now? I am neither your nor any one else's slave, but your influence over them is I don't know, except that it's vilely evil, but I'll defeat it yet, madam, though you have every last son in hell to help you and your blinding."

Hagar laughed, their eyes meeting like the flash of flint and steel as the two strong wills rushed together and grappled, but with unequal advantages, for suddenly Trelawny began to feel himself losing ground, not advancing in the contest. It was as though some numbing influence were upon him, some untold power streaming in electric currents from the woman, but he set his

teeth hard, exerted his utmost will power and regained mastery of himself by an effort that brought the sweat to his brow and left him trembling.

"In other days you would have been burned for a witch," he said, shaking her, and at that moment Lady Lirriper, who had convulsed her household by descending thus early, appeared in deshabille, and with a piece of lace tied over the hastily arranged toupée by Josephine.

"I heard you were here, Trelawny," she began, "and as every one appears to be mad—are you mad as well?" she added, as he let Hagar go with scant ceremony and came toward her.

"Send her away," he said, pointing to the girl, "before she does you and yours any more harm. Send the wicked devil away!"

"Really," said Lady Lirriper, raising her brows in a way meant to be ironical, but was only wry, "what with two imbeciles rhapsodizing in one room and two savages coming to blows in another, and at this hour of the morning, too, Bachelor cottage may be said to be looking up. There—run away, Hagar, I want to talk to Trelawny—the old Trelawny," she added as they were left alone together, "for methinks the finger rubs through the veils of the subtle today."

"Send that devil away!" he repeated vehemently. "I mistrusted her from the first, and now I know I had good cause. What her infernal arts are, I don't know, but she nearly got a grip of me just now. Das Dämonische is not an old wives' tale yet—and I believe that woman has the power—and uses it."

"Pooh!" said Lady Lirriper. "The girl's right enough. Don't try to make her responsible for that pair of idiots in the next room. No doubt you've heard about last night!"—her voice faltered.

"Fahwah!" said Trelawny. "You're making a mountain out of a molehill. By mere accident she drank some wine that was too strong for her—it's impossible that she has any talent. The serious thing is, that body and soul she is under that woman's thumbs Will is also, but in less degree. For once in my life, dear lady, I shall be glad to see your back, as it means the Gregorians' also. Won't you give me some breakfast? We are too glib to half. The only person who has real cause for unhappiness!"—he made a wry face as he lightly touched his heart—"is myself."

And as he was in the best of spirits, and early rising had, in spite of everything, undoubtedly given her ladyship a sharp appetite, she and her beloved Trelawny breakfasted very pleasantly together, Hagar's empty chair being considered, in this instance, a great deal better than her company.

CHAPTER XXV.

To most of us there comes in life moments when, after riding in fierce storm, over nerve and muscle braided to meet the inevitable, we pass suddenly into smooth waters, and, taking no count of past wreckage, of future reckoning, suffer our senses to swim in a lullaby of refreshment, asking and desiring nothing but to be left alone to enjoy it.

Thus did Nannie and Will snatch a brief period of happiness to themselves, and for awhile saw only each other's faces warm once more with love, and fighting hour by hour to keep memory, that cruel murderer of human joys, away.

Nannie evinced no wish to see Hagar. Those two days in which the old school influence had been so strong on her were remembered as a dream. Only once she startled Will by saying:

"Isn't it funny when you remember things that have not happened and can't remember those that did?" and often a sense of unreality would steal over her, as if she were asleep, but dreamed she was awake.

And Will, too, had had strange experiences that he resolutely tried not to think of; that were baffling and irritating to a cool, level headed man who must certainly love but one woman in the world, but had behaved very much as if he loved another.

It was Lady Lirriper who rudely shook the lovers out of their oasis of peace by walking across one evening after dinner and asking them roundly what they meant by their inhospitable ways and by never coming over to see her.

They were still at dessert, and the Van Eycks and old Dutch masters whose works lined the walls made a sober setting for the bright youth that rose from the table to welcome her.

"I shan't be sorry to go," she said presently, as she ate a Marie Louise pear. "All the men in the neighborhood worth a grain of salt have frumpish wives and all the bright women have clowns for husbands—so between 'em all one can't enjoy a dinner, or a rabber, or make oneself like a Christian. Trelawny's as dull as ditch water—one would think he was the new married man, not you, Casillis—and Dalgryn's been sent about his business by that fool of a Gregorians—\$10,000 a year—that's a single drawback but his nose! As if that mattered when a husband is the one person of your acquaintance whom you need never see unless you choose!"

Will laughed, but looked anxiously at Nannie, who, quite happy when Lady Lirriper came in, had grown restless and kept looking eagerly toward the open window, and now starting up suddenly disappeared through it.

Lady Lirriper frowned and her face changed. "I have been anxious about you both," she said in a low tone, "and am relieved to find things are so well with you. But why don't you take her away?"

"She won't come," said Will, "at least, not at present. I thought it over, and I don't believe in running away from anything."

"Oh, you needn't fear Trelawny," said Lady Lirriper, who had got up and was inspecting the extraordinarily minute details of the palatine nearest to her. "He's as safe as a church. I wish I could say the same of you."

She had turned to face him, her eyes sparkling with much significance.

"What do you mean?" he said angrily. "I mean, mon ami, that the Gregorians has a very strong attraction for you, and as she is absolutely imbecile as regards you, there's danger. That's all. It's no matter what you do if your art is only true." But that's only in burlesque. In

real life it matters very considerably.

"I hate her," said Will, walking to and fro in his excitement. "Her beauty only makes it worse. Instinct never lies, and I mistrusted her from the first. And now, to gratify a passing whim, you are keeping her in the family, where in the nature of things we must constantly meet."

"Best get your temptations over early," said Lady Lirriper, making a wry face. "George was right for once in his life. Young ladies had no business to marry, and a man married or single who can't hold his own with a woman ought to be smacked."

"Only there's something wrong about this one," said Will, with a shiver. "God knows what tricks the wizard taught her, or what powers he endowed her with, but this is scarcely human."

"Fiddle de dee," said Lady Lirriper. "It's a natural magnetism. Some have it, some haven't, and because she magnetizes you, you think it's necromancy. There's nothing worse the matter with her than—your 'I excuse me, Casillis—falling in love with a very ordinary young married man, or an engaged one, when she knew you first. Where's Nannie? I want to say good night to her."

But Nannie was not in the drawing room, that old but beautiful mingling of oak and picture lined chamber walls, of rare china and marquetry, its lapis lazuli tables and delicate satin couches harmonizing with the ambrosian carpet underfoot, and without looking home-like as Stranzenze never did or could.

"Make my adieu," said Lady Lirriper, as they walked across to the cottage, where to their surprise they found Nannie sitting beside Hagar, and so utterly wrapped up in her that she did not even turn round when the others came in.

But Hagar rose, and giving Will her hand coldly relieved Lady Lirriper of her wraps, and just then the servants came in, bringing refreshments.

"I am thirsty," said Nannie, going to the table and pouring out a glass of lemonade.

Her voice was odd; her movements were elastic. A vague terror thrilled Will as he watched her, while the days of his misery seemed to be rushing back upon him as he went up to her and put his arm round the slim figure that barely reached to his shoulder.

"What is it, my darling?" he said in a whisper, but she pushed him violently away, and in the momentary gaze she turned upon him was stamped, to his horror, furious, undying hate.

"Nannie! Nannie!" he cried urgently below his breath, but she turned from him and went over to Hagar, who seemed to reason with her, but in vain, while Lady Lirriper looked bored and disgusted and gave audible expression to her thoughts.

"The next time you catch me in the country write me down a fool," she said as Nannie went over to the table, which was in a corner of the room, and mixed a whisky and soda, the mixing of which seemed to take a considerable time, being watched by Hagar, who in a mirror opposite could alone of those present see what she was doing.

She came with it at last, and walking straight up to Will put it in his hand, her face deathly pale, her eyes wild and strange.

Will took it and was mechanically lifting the glass to his lips when Hagar swiftly came between, and snatching it from his hand cried out:

"My God, it is poison! I saw her put it in. Nannie, what have you done?"

"I want to marry Blake Trelawny," said the girl in a monotonous voice, "Blake Trelawny, the man I love. When he came to see me at school, I thought I loved Will, but I loved Blake, and when

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he took me in his arms in the summer house the day before Will came home I wish I had said—had said."

She turned and passed swiftly out into the night.

"It is true," cried Will, who had stood like one frozen, with every faculty save hearing suspended, since Hagar had snatched the glass from his hand, "he visited her when she was at school? He made open love to her up to the hour of my return?"

"Yes. It is true," said Hagar reluctantly, who had set the glass down on a table near, its contents already discolored by the action of the poison. "But she felt it her duty to keep faith with you."

"Miss Gregorians," said Lady Lirriper, with shrill distinctness, "you can pack your box and go back to Shorter. I keep no mischief makers in my house. I believe Trelawny's right about you."

But she addressed air, for Will had rushed away and Hagar had followed him.

"H'm," said Lady Lirriper grimly, "a piece little scandal all round. Noman in his senses, even if he overlooked the other fiasco, would condone an attempt to poison him and an open declaration that his wife loves another man. Loved him before she was married even! Vicious little cat! And in the man's vision of feeling he will fall into Hagar's arms. Where is the woman! It isn't commonly decent." She panted violently at the bell and sent for Josephine.

"You've got to come out with me and look for two Bedlamites," she said fiercely. But though on inquiring at the castle it was found that Lady Anne had retired to rest, while Sir William was not yet in, the two women explored the park and grounds as far as they dared. They came across no sign of the man and woman for whom they searched.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Will Casillis did not return home that night, neither did Hagar, and dawn found Lady Lirriper fallen into a baggard slumber, with Josephine keeping watch, while Nannie lay sound asleep, oblivious of all the horror of the preceding night and the greater one that the day was to bring forth.

Lady Lirriper would have sent for Trelawny, but she knew he was away and would not return till late evening, and in her terrible anxiety she had no one else to whom to turn, for the regarded Stranzenze as no better than a fool. It was his fault that she had been let in for the Gregorians and forced to undergo recently a course of disagreeable observations that would elap ten years on to her age and make her almost the contemporary of her Methuselah husband, Lirriper. It was all the fault of the country of course. Such things could not happen in town, or would not matter if they did.

Nannie came running in soon after 8 with a fresh morning face inquiring for Will, who she found on her awakening had not come home all night, and for once Josephine was not equal to the occasion, but took her up stairs to Lady Lirriper, who looked as a painted person does exposed to a strong glare of electric light.

"You must be mad," she said savagely when they were alone together. "You try to poison your husband. You tell him you adore Blake Trelawny and then you wonder he disappears, and with the woman who is in love with him!"

Nannie turned white as ashes. Needle darts of shame seemed to shoot through her veins and blind her as she cried out: "I tried to poison him? It is you who are mad. I was tired and left him here last night. I remember. Yes. I gave him a whisky and soda first!"

"After you had put in enough poison to kill half a dozen men," said Lady Lirriper dryly, who was a good amateur chemist herself. "How did you get hold of that strychnine? Surely you needn't murder a man because he happens to admire another woman more than you!"

"Strychnine!" repeated Nannie in appalled tones, her young face white and drawn with horror. "I never saw, never touched any in my life. As if I would harm him, and how could I say I loved Blake Trelawny? It is Will whom I love."

"You'll find it difficult to convince him," said Lady Lirriper dryly as in utter weariness and bitterness of spirit she leaned her head against the high backed ohivert covered chair. "He will be more likely to believe that Hagar does, who is with him now. However, a man and woman in evening dress, without hats, are easily traced. If only Trelawny were here," she added impatiently, "I should know what to do about, though of course your father is the proper person to get after them."

"You are a cruel woman," said Nannie, crushed and broken beneath the sledge hammer blows that so rapidly succeeded each other. "Oh, Will, Will, you would never have let any one serve me so!"

For a moment the selfish old woman was shamed; it was so like beating a heartbroken, miserable child.

"There, there," she said unkindly. "You've made a mess of your life, and crying over it won't mend it. It is he who has put himself in the wrong box, going off with that woman, and as to the poison episode I shall declare it's a lie, and as you don't remember anything about it it's only their word against ours. And Trelawny will marry you, I've no doubt. So it might have been much worse."

Nannie had been standing rigid in the middle of the quaint, pretty room, with its latticed windows opening outward against scarlet creepers, but now she turned and groped blindly for the door.

"Where are you going, child?" cried Lady Lirriper sharply. "Don't drown yourself or do anything rash. It's no such bad luck to be Trelawny's wife, I promise you. Of course there will be a difficulty. Desertion will have to be proved as well." But the door had closed on Nannie, who in her awful trouble had not one heart in the world upon which to lean awhile and gather strength to bear it.

CHAPTER XXVII.

All that previous night a man wandered through the Casillis woods, that extended for some miles, and close at his heels a woman followed. He had striven in vain to outstrip that dogged shadow, had doubled, had sought to hide himself. In vain it stuck to him like grim death. It outwore him at last, when after hours of trying to elude it, he caught his foot in a gnarled tree root and fell senseless and exhausted to the ground.

Was as a corpse, her garments and hair all wet with dew, she sat down beside him, lifting his head into her lap, and watched him through the hours of half stupor, half sleep, that followed, smoothing his eyes from time to time as she had so often done Nannie's and praying to all her wicked gods that the result might be the same.

Castle Casillis itself was unimportant, but its woods were magnificent and might almost be termed a forest, extending for miles, many of its recesses being untroubled by human foot from year's end to year's end, and it was in one of these that through the icy morning hours of autumn Hagar sat watching the man, who at last, at last, had been given over into her hand. Utter silence reigned, save for the clatter of the fern owl, the beetles' hum. Even at dawn no loud voices dissipated it, for blackbird, thrush and merry finch had all been left behind on the outskirts of the wood, and only the mistle thrush, that mysterious outlaw among birds, and the robin gave sign of winged life in the boughs overhead.

She had set her back to the bole of a giant tree and wound her skirt about Will's neck and shoulders, her arms outside all, and chilled to the bone she was happy, for the whole world could give her no more than this sleeping man, dear, beautiful, dependent, who would sleep on and on till it should please her to bid him waken.

Ah, it is not a myth that story of Merlin and Vivien, and what the woman did in the olden days by wondrous powers and waving arms is done nowadays in broad daylight and with simpler means. It is the same potent force exercised in much the same way, but it is a blind force, not a hearted, not a

trilled, the instrument of evil rather than good.

At times she half slumbered, her face outlined against the tree trunk. Hunger she knew none. Her every faculty was concentrated on the events of the next few hours, upon which absolutely depended her future.

When the sun was high, when the light fell in shifting mosaic of gold upon the grass, and the woodland life of day was in full swing, another sound made itself heard, a human one, coming unaccountably over the ground and rustling against the fallen leaves as it came, although so thickly grew the trees that nothing could for a long time be seen.

But it came at last, and with a wild cry of anguish Nannie dropped down beside the pair and striving to unlock the arms that were fast clasped about Will's neck entreated him to waken, to speak to her; but he neither stirred nor moved, and, looking up and meeting Hagar's cruel eyes, Nannie fell back and moaned aloud in her anguish.

"He is mine," said Hagar. "He has made his choice. He will never be anything to you again. Look at me."

Nannie strove to avert her gaze, but in vain, and as their eyes met the girl struggled no more. She had become the instrument, the tool of her oppressor.

It was briefly given, that message from soul to soul. It was learned, accepted, would be fulfilled in due season, carried out to the very letter, and with a sigh and no backward look to her husband Nannie turned away, and the forest swallowed her up from Hagar's sight.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

That day was one of confusion worse confounded in the annals of Stranzenze and Casillis, for when in the course of the day Nannie disappeared to her father's, as Lady Lirriper at first supposed, though on inquiry this was found not to be the case, the alarm of Lord Stranzenze was added to the general disgust, and in the confusion of explanations and surmises, even Lady Lirriper almost lost her head.

"Those two fools have bolted, and Nannie has gone on a crazy quest after them," she said late in the day to her brother, who, pale and unweary, stood before her. "It must have been a planned thing, and some servant must be in it, or how could they have got off in evening dress without exciting comment? I have sent to both the nearest railway stations my own man, brother, who may be trusted, and nothing is known there. They must have driven to a distance, and it's hopeless to try to overtake them now."

"And Nannie?" said her father, with white lips.

"May return. It is only right to tell you that in my presence last night she tried to administer poison to her husband."

Lord Stranzenze reeled back, his face suddenly grown that of an old, old man. "Nannie!" he gasped. "My child, Nannie! Oh, it's impossible!"

"It's true," said Lady Lirriper. "A devilish influence is upon her that is not far to seek. Do you know what the antecedents of the woman Hagar were? Was her father one of the Saltpetriere group, the result of whose experiments burst some years ago upon an astounded world? But I forget. You never read anything that is not a hundred years old. A newspaper at Stranzenze is heard of, but never seen."

"Hagar's father was a strange man, engaged in strange pursuits," said her brother, "but I saw nothing to identify her with them. You believe that by some evil arts she has worked on Will Casillis and also on Nannie?"

"Yes, I do. It sounds mad, incredible, and Trelawny, who is like you and never reads the papers, though, unlike you, is no student and probably entirely ignorant of his new force, which is likely to convulse the world, almost stumbled on the truth the other day, and his absence at the present moment, or I am much mistaken, means that he is tracing Hagar Gregorians' antecedents."

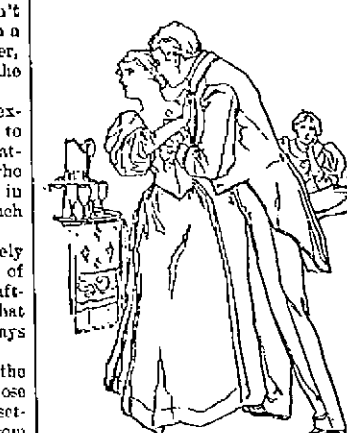
Her brother had thrown himself into a chair, his brain whirling, his reason refusing to accept this monstrous solution to a shocking series of events, and yet Lady Lirriper was the last woman in the world to recuse of imagination or of anything but an astute recognition of facts. The poor man glanced round at the furniture, the walls, as if clinging to real things while sinking into an abyss where all reckoning failed him and out of which Lady Lirriper pulled him sharply.

"Come," she said briskly, "there is work to do. We can't afford to go to sleep over it. If only Trelawny were here. But first we must scour the neighborhood for Nannie—quietly, be it understood. Fortunately the servants' talk can fly no farther than Stranzenze and Lord Abbey. She seemed to be resting, but slipped out unobserved. If she has taken to the woods, pursuit is hopeless. It would want a regiment to explore them properly. Still we must try, if it's only beating air."

And they tried.

For the rest of that day, while Lady Lirriper paced restlessly from Castle

(Continued on page three.)



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The Slate Disappearing.

Students in the Chicago public

schools in the primary and the gram-

mar grades have not been compelled to

use slates for years. In the high

schools they are used only where the

retention of a favored Principal is de-

sired. Primary education in Chicago

has advanced to that point that the pu-

pil no longer require a slate or could

make use of it if one was at hand. No

notice of the Health Department of the

city has taken the slate out of the pub-

lic school. According to Superintendent

Lane, the slate has disappeared

solely because it was not needed. Paper

has taken its place with nearly 200,000

pupils. Slate is clean. Pencils are

cheap. Slates are expensive and awk-

ward in handling. They have been in-

troduced in Chicago. The Health De-

partment has never taken up the ques-

tion. [Chicago Times-Herald.]

Cool Water.

The Mexicans do not use ice, but

nevertheless, there is no other country

in the world than Mexico where a man

can get a sweet and at the same time

cool glass of water. The water jars

are made of porous pottery, which al-

lows the water to ooze through the

material of the tanks, and the evapora-

tion keeps it always cold.

It is not cold like lead water, but it

is the better on that account, as a

man can drink twice as much and never

feel in the least injured, no matter how

large his draught.

Australians frequently put

water into skin bottles, which they

suspend from the veranda, and the air

sweeping the skins backward and for-

ward cools the water and renders it

more palatable. [New York Journal.]

A Grateful Recognition.

"Down with the government," ex-

claimed Plodding Pete. "We're oppressed

and downtrodden!"

"Dat shows de ingratitude of yonze

fellars," said Meandering Mike, con-

temptuously. "You seems ter 'magine

dat cause yer need a shave yer gotter

go dat whole trip an' be er howlin'.

bambrowin' anarchist. De gov'ment

is de best frien' we've got, an' I bate

ter hear yer talkin' dat way 'bout it,

wif winter most here."

"What's winter got to do wit' it?"

"He ain't countin' on sleepin' outer

doors, are ye?"

"No."

"Well, who is it but de gov'ment dat

puts up 'free-story jais wif steam heat

an' 'free meals a day in 'em? It's de

gov'ment, an' I takes off my hat every

time it's mentioned." [Washington

Star.]

Naming His Restaurant.

There is a little restaurant over on the West side of the city, and the proprietor has not yet had time to select a name for it. He is a professional genial, is the proprietor, and he has bothered his patrons considerably by coming around while they were eating and consulting with them about the name for the place.

Last night two men dropped in there for a bite. The food was good and they gumbled quite a bit. As they were at the desk paying the check, the proprietor began at them. "Everything satisfactory, gentle men?" he inquired in his blandest tones.

"Oh, I guess so," said the older man; "I guess so. How much is that oblect?"

"Ninety cents. I am glad you are pleased. By the way, I am in a quandary as to what name I shall give this restaurant. What would you suggest?"

"What a name, eh?" said the older man.

"Yes, I do; and I would be very glad if you would make a suggestion."

"I suppose a name for a restaurant ought to be, in a measure, descriptive of the place," said the younger man.

"That would be my idea," replied the proprietor.

"Well, then, I would suggest that you call it 'The Paradox'."

"The Paradox?" said the proprietor. "Why, that would be a queer name. How is that name applicable to a restaurant?"

"There are quite a number of reasons, but the one most vividly impressed on me this evening is that your milk is sour and your pickles are sweet." [From the Buffalo Express.]

Precedence in Introductions.

On the veranda of a certain well known country club two young men were discussing golf in its most technical vocabulary.

A third man approached, a young Englishman, and joined the two.

Whereupon one of them said to him: "Mr. Piccadilly, let me present you to my friend, Mr. Broadway."

The Englishman bowed with the slightest possible deference from his rigid perpendic-

ular, and passed on without an effort at conversation.

The next time he saw the man who had performed the very slight ceremony of introduction he reprimanded him for his manner, saying: "I am never pro-

tected to any one except a man whose position is superior to mine—or to a lady."

It was an example of extreme self-complacency, but he was right in maintain-

ing that there are rules of precedence in introductions.—[Illustrated Ameri-

can.]

The Lady's Name.

A New Orleans man, who is a fond papa, was telling his friends yesterday of the hard time he had trying to teach

his youngster to say "Mississippi." The word seemed more than a little like the could master. Finally the father hit upon the plan of teaching the child the word by syllables.

"Now, say after me," he said to the boy, "Missis."

"Missis," said the infant phenomenon.

"Sippi," echoed the boy.

"Sippi," said the whole thing," com-

manded the father.

"Missis," began the child, and then he thought awhile. "Papa," said he, "what did you say the lady's name was?" [New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

If We Had Free Silver.

He fished three silver dollars from his pocket and rattled them in his hand.

"I'm hungry," he said. "Do you suppose we can get a lunch of some kind for this?"

"Oh, yes, we can get something to eat for \$3 in silver, but I don't know just how much. Yesterday I got a fair lunch for \$1.50 in silver, but to-

day—

"Why, I haven't looked at the silver quotations to-day, and there may have been a slump. You'd better get a paper first and see how silver dollars are quoted. Then, with a sheet of paper, a pencil and a bill of fare giving the prices in gold, we can easily figure out how far three silver dollars will go." [Chicago Post.]

Her Spiteful Accent.

"Of course, I'm rather tall for a girl," she admitted, "but Charley consoles me by saying that it's impossible to have too much of a good thing."

And then her dearest friend answered softly:

"Yes, of course—of a good thing."

But somehow the accent and the reputation of the words seemed to indicate that Charley's judgment was faulty, even if his words were true.

And that was the beginning of a frightful feud in which all the mean things known to modern society were said.—[Chicago Post.]

A New Industry Born of the Wheel.

Bicycling is to be made easy by a new "house-to-house" cycle-cleaning and insurance company," just floated in London with a capital of \$1,000,000.

It will establish depots for the cleaning, storing, repairing and sale of cycles, and for an annual payment of \$5.00 by subscribers, will send people to their houses to clean their machines, and for \$250 against serious personal injuries while cycling; will store their machines when not in use; and will teach them to ride.

Metal Book Covers.

A novel (possibly more novel than artistic) device in the line of book-covers is a white metal cover that cannot be bent at the corners. The volumes thus far produced in this style of binding are rather heavy, but their indestructible quality lends a charm to them which will be appreciated by book lenders if nobody else.

A Protracted Visit.

"I don't think your father feels very kindly toward me," said Mr. Stale.

"You're kidding him," the young man after you called on me last week looked quite worried for fear I had not treated you with proper courtesy."

"Indeed? What did he say?"

"He asked me how I could be so rude as to let you go away without your breakfast."

A Victim of Fortune.

A curious example of the vicissitudes of fortune is that of the late Mr. Patterson, who recently died at Rock-

hampton, in Queensland. He was a butcher, who, rack gold, became very rich, went into politics, was made Post-

master-General, lost his money, and returned to his butcher shop again, dying a poor man.

STANDARD AMONG CONNOISSEURS

B. L. Tobacco

THE SIN OF HAGAR.
(Continued from second page.)

Cassins to the cottage and back again, the search went on in vain till the autumn night fell swiftly, that night in which "no man can work," and in all the houses affected by the previous day's events mistress and maid, master and man alike made a pretense of seeking rest, and Laud Abbey also slept, its master having not yet returned.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Scott's famous description of Melrose might almost apply to Laud Abbey of fair moonlight nights, but it was not moonlight when Blake Trelawny approached it between 12 and 1 o'clock, and inserting his latchkey in the door stopped suddenly, his nerves shaken by a sudden sound close at hand.

He had received grave news, frightful news, on alighting at the station a mile away. How full of it, of thoply and shame of it, as he stood there, for that it ran: Sir William Cassilis and Miss Gregorius had eloped together. Lady Anna Cassilis was at the castle, broken hearted. Such was the imperfect information supplied to him, and with which his brain was busy, but he could do nothing tonight; he would go over the first thing next morning with such cold comfort as he might carry.

Again that sound, something like a strangled moan or cry. Hastily he struck a light and saw covering against the gray ivied wall, as if calling upon it to fall and hide her, Nannie.

For a moment the man's wild heart thrilled. She had come to him willingly. She was his at last. Then, holding the light close to her wan face, he said gently:

"What brings you here, my poor little child? What are they all about to take so little care of you?"

"I want you," she said, her eyes glassy and fixed in the dead white expression of her face, "only you. Take me in your arms. I've come to stay."

The light went out. In the darkness they could hear each other's hearts beating, and the silence at last became anguish, and the woman cried out under the torture of it.

"I'm so cold," she said piteously, "cold and hungry. Let me come in. They have gone together, those two, and I have no one but you—no one but you."

Still there was dead silence. Against the lintel of his own door Blake was leaning, the sweet drooping from his brow, and groping into the darkness her hands found his arm and clung to it.

"How can I go back?" she said. "I was once a loved one—Will—and I did not know it. So I tried to kill him, and he will never forgive me. He is Hagar's now—not mine."

Darkness swooped down upon the man's soul. He opened the door and putting his arm about her drew her in.

Almost at the same moment Will Cassilis awoke, flung aside the arms that prisoned him and stood erect. His long, deep sleep of exhaustion was over. It was a natural sleep, brought about partly by fatigue, partly by the slight concussion of the brain he had received when he fell, and Hagar was mistaken in thinking him the mere instrument of her will, as Nannie had been—Nannie who had also taken a long while to come entirely under her influence, nearly a year in all.

"Where am I?" he said in bewilderment and with a long drawn shiver, his outstretched arms striking against a tree. "Nannie!" He hesitated and listened, and the woman who heard felt her heart thrill within her, for she knew that the game was lost.

"Nannie is not here," she said; "she is at Laud Abbey with Blake Trelawny."

She could feel the start he gave at sound of her voice, and dragging her cramped limbs up with difficulty she added:

"You seem to have forgotten. Your wife tried to poison you last night. I struck the glass from your hand, and you rushed away. I followed you."

"Last night?" His voice sounded miles away in its remoteness. "An hour ago, you mean. It was night when you followed me. It is night now. We are lost in the wood, but can find our way out."

"It is too late," she said. "A day has passed. Nannie has left you. She came here to tell me hours ago of what she meant to do."

"Here! Woman, you rave! She came here to my face to tell you that?"

"You slept. Her mind has been made up a long while. Why did she take to drink but in desperation because she found out too late that it was Trelawny who loved her?"

The cords of window blinds are good barometers. When they become tight, the reason is found in the fact that the air is moist, the cords have absorbed some of the moisture, and so are drawn taut. When they are slack, the air is dry and the tension of the cords is relaxed.

The 8 cent nickel piece, now discontinued, weighed 30 grains.

Bits of Information

side Down"—many are and house-cleaning does it. Cold meals and no comfort, sour tempers and aching backs, hard work and too much of it, tired women and "mad" men—all from house-cleaning. And it's all needless. Don't make such a fuss over it. Take a little *Pearl*—quickly and quietly. You'll *won't have to rub the paint* and save half your labor and make your house with *Pearl*—and be thankful for it. Millions washing and cleaning.

And grocers who tell you "this is as good as *Pearl*." IT'S FALSE; besides, it's adulterated. JAMES FYLE, N. Y.

